Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done.
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe grant,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (Soueraige) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending on the Duke of *Norffolke*,
Kin. Haue I a tongue to dome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was nought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Temxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lapt me
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your waiting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deareſt Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon
And I vniuſtly too, muſt grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come *Haſtings*, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*,

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of raw
How that the guilty kindred o
Lookt pale when they did hea
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto
God will reuenge it. But com
To comfort *Edward* with our c
Enter Dutches of Yorke, w
Boy. Tell me good Granam
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wring yo
And cry, Oh *Clarence* my vnha
Girle. Why doe you looke o
And call vs wretched, Orpha
If that our noble Father be ali
Dut. My pritty Coſens you
I do lament the ſickneſſe of th
As loth to looſe him now you
It were loſt labour to weepe fo
Boy. Then Granam you con
The King my vncle is too bla
God will reuenge it, whom I
With dayly prayers all to th
Dut. Peace Children peace,
Incapable and ſhallow inocen
You cannot geſſe who cauſed
Boy. Granam, we can : fo
Told me, the King prouoke
Deuis'd impeachments to imp
And when he told me ſo he
And hugd me in his armes, a
And bad me relie on him as o
And he would loue me deare
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould
And with a vertuous vizard hi
He is my ſonne, yea and there
Yet from my dugs he drew n
Boy. Thinke you my Vncl
Dut. I Boy:
Boy. I cannot thinke it, ha